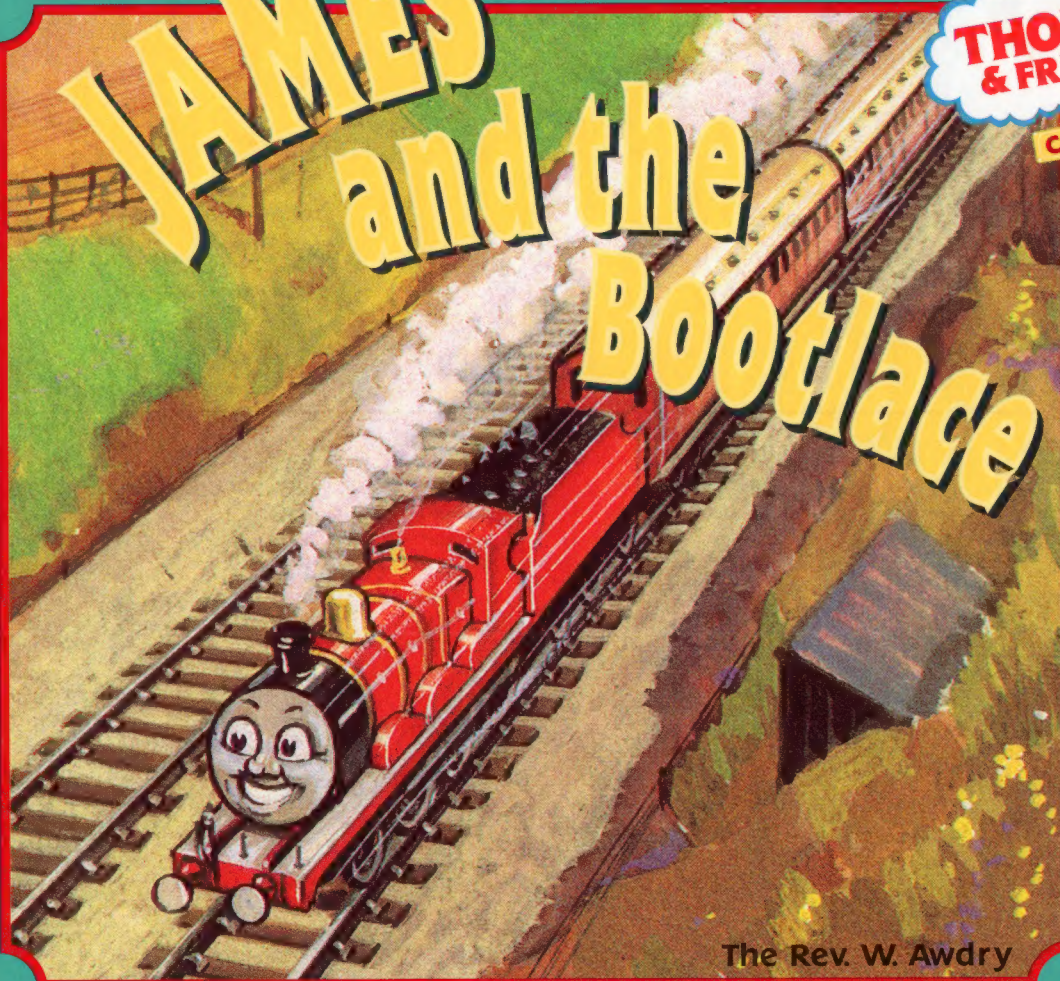


JAMES and the Bootlace

**THOMAS
& FRIENDS**

CLUB



The Rev. W. Awdry

 SCHOLASTIC

2

books in 1



REALLY USEFUL WORDS

COACH: a passenger car

GUARD: the person who takes passenger tickets and lets the Driver know it is safe to leave the platform

POINTS: a pair of movable, narrowing rails that allow a train to pass from one line to another

DRIVER: the person who drives the engine

BOOTLACE: a shoelace

FIREMAN: the person who stokes the fire to keep an engine's steam going



Thomas the Tank Engine & Friends

Britt
A **BRITT ALLCROFT COMPANY PRODUCTION**

Based on The Railway Series by The Rev W Awdry
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JAMES and the Boatlace



by
The REV. W. AWDRY

SCHOLASTIC INC.

New York Toronto London Auckland Sydney
Mexico City New Delhi Hong Kong Buenos Aires

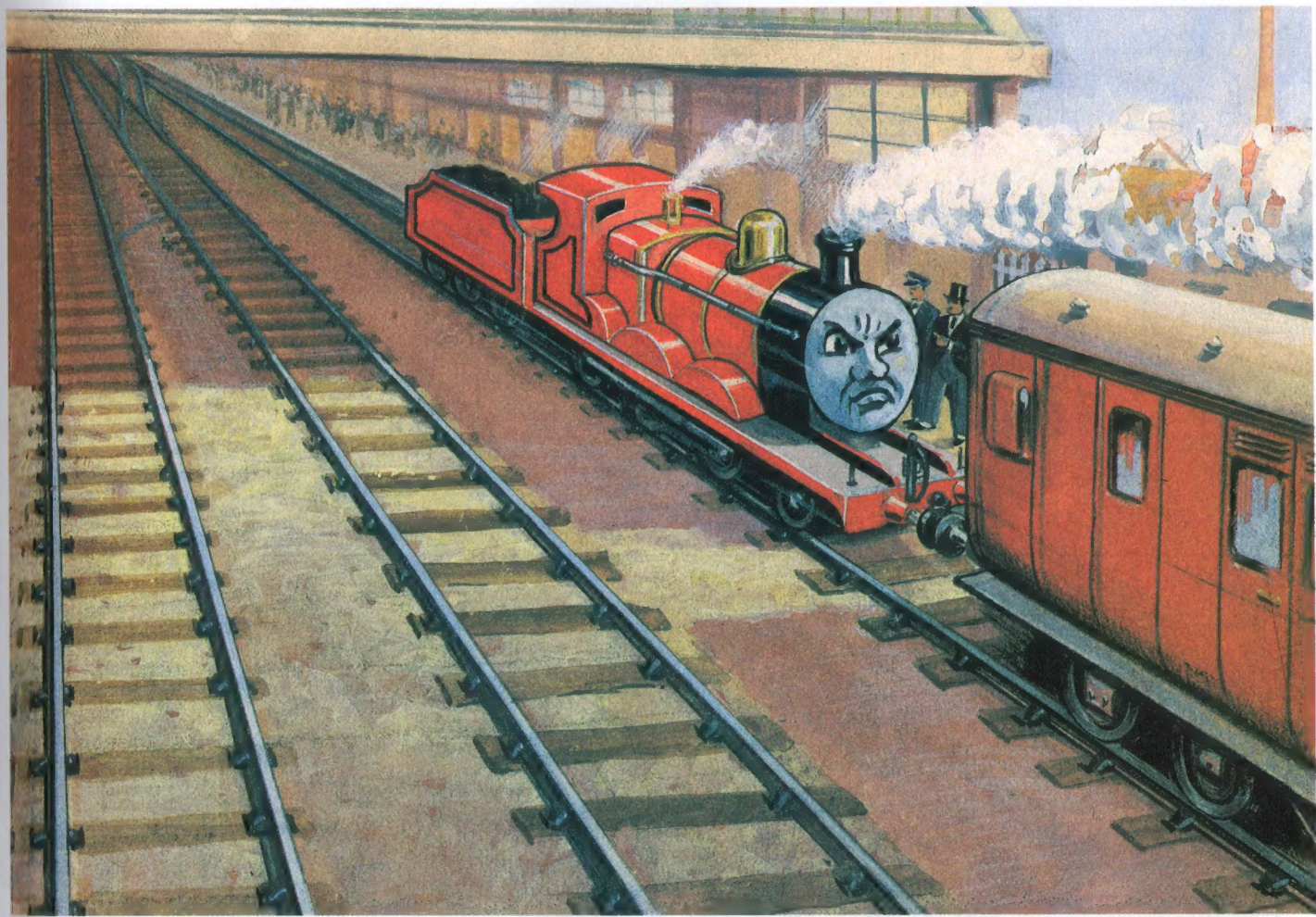
One morning Sir Topham Hatt spoke severely to James: "If you can't behave, I shall take away your red coat and have you painted blue."

James did not like that at all and he was very rough with the coaches as he brought them to the platform.

"Come along, come along," he called rudely.

"All in good time, all in good time," the coaches grumbled.

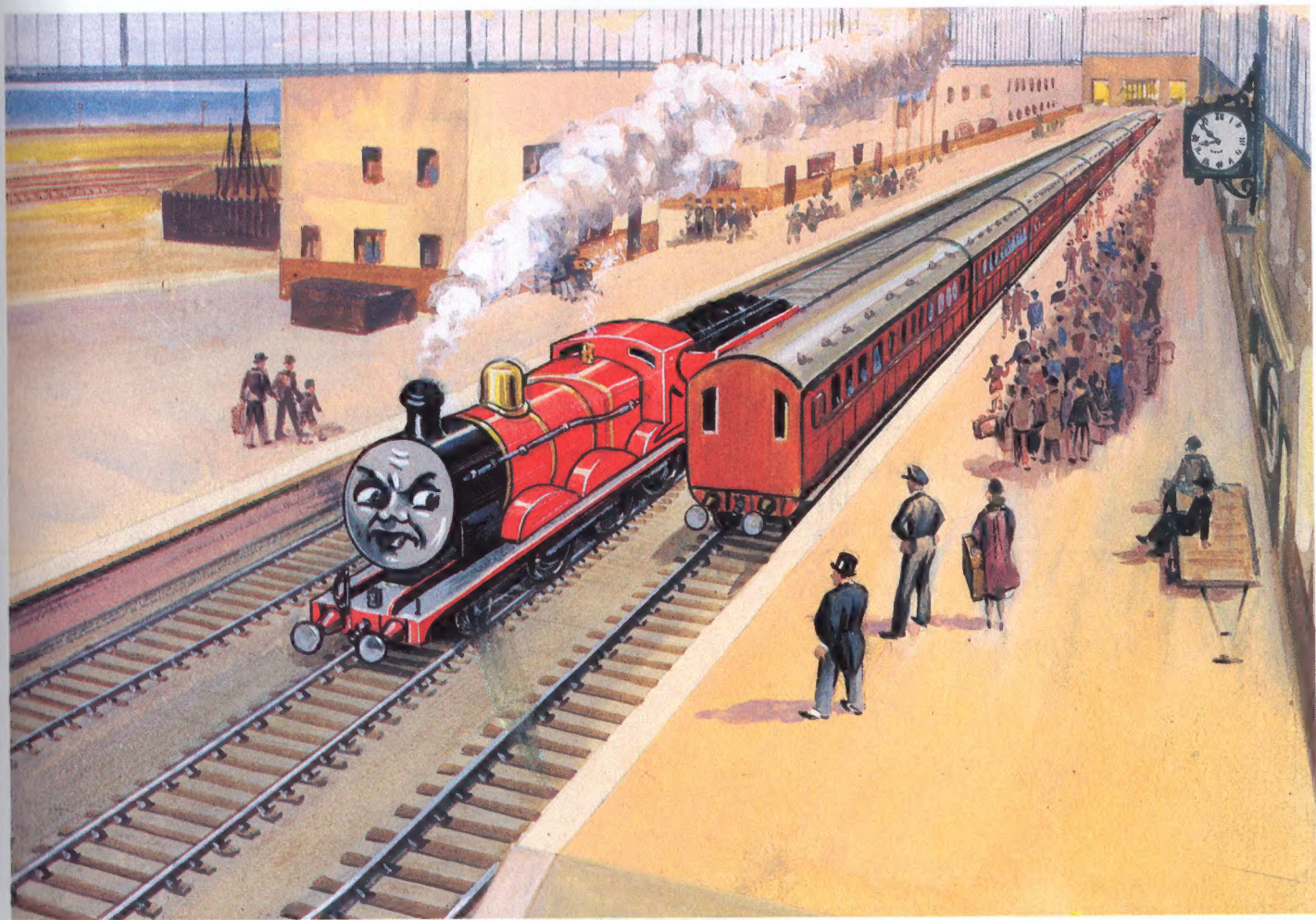
"Don't talk, come on!" answered James, and with the coaches squealing and grumbling after him, he snorted into the station.



James *was* cross that morning. Sir Topham Hatt had spoken to him, the coaches had dawdled and, worst of all, he had had to fetch his own coaches.

“Gordon never does,” thought James, “and he is only painted blue. A splendid Red Engine like me should never have to fetch his own coaches.” And he puffed and snorted around to the front of the train, and backed on to it with a rude bump.

“O—ooooh!” groaned the coaches, “that was too bad!”



To make James even more cross, he then had to take the coaches to a different platform, where no one came near him as he stood there. Sir Topham Hatt was in his office, the Station-Master was at the other end of the train with the Guard, and even the little boys stood a long way off.

James felt lonely. "I'll show them!" he said to himself. "They think Gordon is the only engine who can pull coaches."

And as soon as the Guard's whistle blew, he started off with a tremendous jerk.



"Come on!—come on!—come on!" he puffed, and the coaches, squeaking and groaning in protest, clattered over the points onto the open line.

"Hurry!—hurry!—hurry!" puffed James.

"You're going too fast, you're going too fast," said the coaches, and indeed they were going so fast that they swayed from side to side.

James laughed and tried to go faster, but the coaches wouldn't let him.

"We're going to stop—we're going to stop—we're—going—to—stop," they said and James found himself going slower and slower.



“What’s the matter?” James asked his Driver.

“The brakes are jammed—leak in the pipe most likely. You’ve banged the coaches enough to make a leak in anything.”

The Guard and the Driver got down and looked at the brake pipes all along the train.

At last they found a hole where rough treatment had made a joint work loose.

“How shall we mend it?” said the Guard.

James’ Driver thought for a moment.

“We’ll do it with newspapers and a leather bootlace.”



"Well, where is the bootlace coming from?" asked the Guard. "We haven't one."

"Ask the passengers," said the Driver.

So the Guard made everyone get out. "Has anybody got a leather bootlace?" he asked.

They all said "No" except one man in a bowler hat (whose name was Jeremiah Jobling) who tried to hide his feet.

"You have a leather bootlace there I see, sir," said the Guard. "Please give it to me."

"I won't," said Jeremiah Jobling.

"Then," said the Guard sternly, "I'm afraid this train will just stop where it is."



Then the passengers all told the Guard, the Driver and the Fireman what a Bad Railway it was. But the Guard climbed into his van, and the Driver and Fireman made James let off steam. So they all told Jeremiah Jobling he was a Bad Man instead.

At last he gave them his laces, the Driver tied a pad of newspapers tightly around the hole, and James was able to pull the train.

But he was a sadder and a wiser James and took care never to bump coaches again.





REALLY USEFUL WORDS

BOOTLACE: a shoelace

EXPRESS: a train that goes fast because it doesn't stop at every station

SIGNALMAN: the person who directs the movements of the trains on the various tracks by using signals

POINTS: a pair of movable, narrowing rails that allow a train to pass from one line to another

COUPLE: to connect the engine and various cars and coaches together to form a train

TERMINUS: the station, town, or city at the end of a line or travel route



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JAMES and the EXPRESS



by
The REV. W. AWDRY

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New York Toronto London Auckland Sydney
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Sometimes Gordon and Henry slept in James' shed, and they would talk of nothing but bootlaces! James would talk about engines who got shut up in tunnels and stuck on hills, but they wouldn't listen, and went on talking and laughing.

"You talk too much, little James," Gordon would say. "A fine strong engine like me has something to talk about. I'm the only engine who can pull the express. When I'm not there, they need two engines. Think of that!"



"I've pulled expresses for years, and have never once lost my way. I seem to know the right line by instinct," said Gordon proudly. Every wise engine knows, of course, that the Signaller works the points to make engines run on the right lines, but Gordon was so proud that he had forgotten.

"Wake up, James," he said the next morning, "it's nearly time for the express. What are you doing?—Odd jobs? Ah well! We all have to begin somewhere, don't we? Run along now and get my coaches—don't be late now."



James went to get Gordon's coaches. They were now all shining with lovely new paint. He was careful not to bump them, and they followed him smoothly into the station singing happily. "We're going away, we're going away."

"I wish I was going with you," said James. "I should love to pull the express and go flying along the line."

He left them in the station and went back to the yard, just as Gordon with much noise and blowing of steam backed on to the train.



Sir Topham Hatt was on the train with other Important People, and, as soon as they heard the Guard's whistle, Gordon started.

"Look at me now! Look at me now!" he puffed, and the coaches glided after him out of the station.

"Poop poop poo poo poop!—Good-bye little James! See you tomorrow."

James watched the train disappear around a curve, and then went back to work. He pushed some freight cars into their proper sidings and went to fetch the coaches for another train.



He brought the coaches to the platform and was just being uncoupled when he heard a mournful, quiet "*Shush shush shush shush!*" and there was Gordon trying to sidle into the station without being noticed.

"Hullo, Gordon! Is it tomorrow?" asked James. Gordon didn't answer; he just let off steam feebly. "Did you lose your way, Gordon?"

"No, it was lost for me," he answered crossly, "I was switched off the main line onto the loop; I had to go all around and back again."

"Perhaps it was instinct," said James brightly.



Meanwhile all the passengers hurried to the booking office. "We want our money back," they shouted.

Everyone was making noise, but Sir Topham Hatt climbed on a trolley and blew the Guard's whistle so loudly that they all stopped to look at him.

Then he promised them a new train at once.

"Gordon can't do it," he said. "Will you pull it for us, James?"

"Yes, sir, I'll try."

So James was coupled on and everyone got in again.



“Do your best, James,” said Sir Topham Hatt kindly. Just then the whistle blew and he had to run to get in.

“Come along, come along,” puffed James.

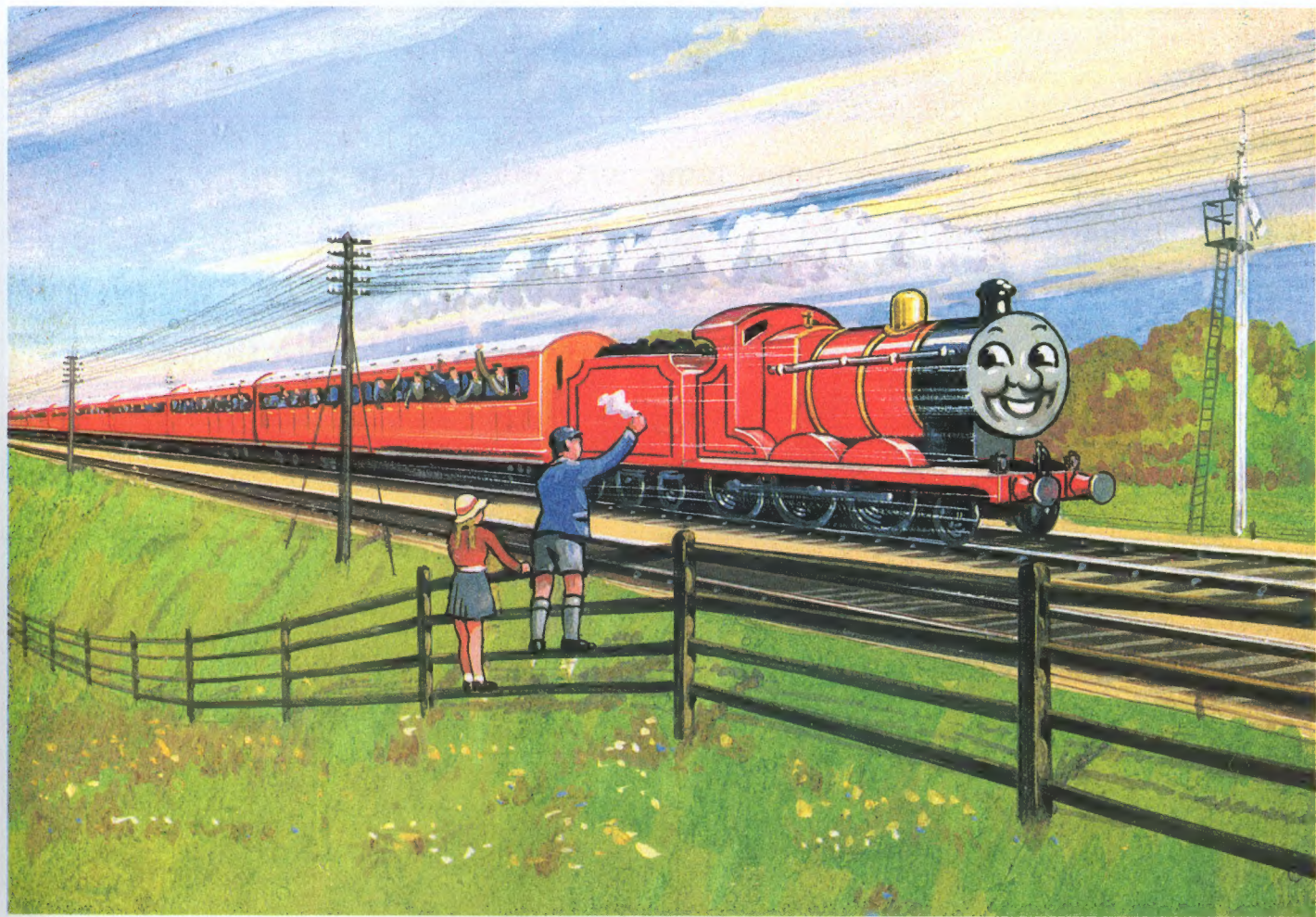
“You’re pulling us well! You’re pulling us well,” sang the coaches.

“Hurry, hurry, hurry,” puffed James.

Stations and bridges flashed by, the passengers leaned out of the windows and cheered, and they soon reached the Terminus.

Everyone said “Thank you” to James. “Well done,” said Sir Topham Hatt. “Would you like to pull the express sometimes?”

“Yes, please,” answered James happily.



Next day when James came by, Gordon was pushing freight cars in the yard.

"I like some quiet work for a change," he said. "I'm teaching these freight cars manners. You did well with those coaches I hear . . . good, we'll show them!" and he gave his freight cars a bump, making them cry, "Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!"

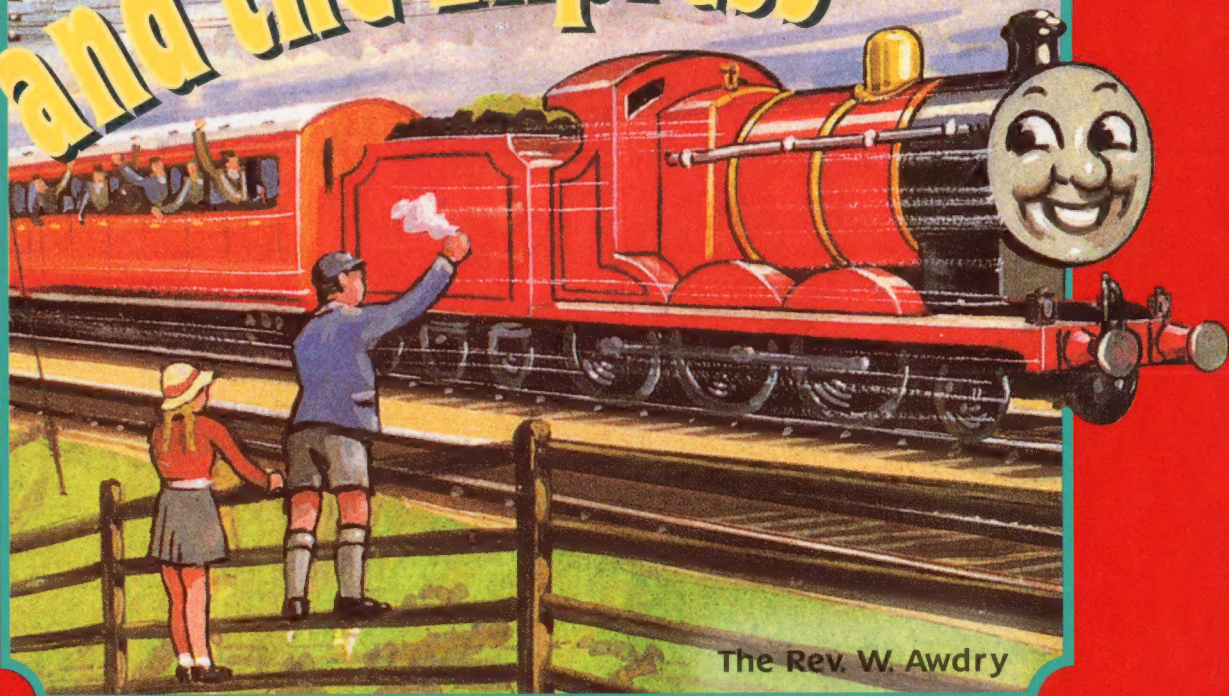
James and Gordon are now good friends. James sometimes takes the express to give Gordon a rest. Gordon never talks about bootlaces, and they are both quite agreed on the subject of freight cars!



JAMES and the Express

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